

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation  
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them; sit this report of his  
Did *Hamlet* so enuenum with his enuy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg,  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,  
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,  
There liues within the very flame of loue  
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,  
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,  
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
We should doe when wee would: for this would changes,  
And hath abatements and delayes as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,  
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,  
That hurrs by easing; but to the quicke of th' vicer,  
*Hamlet* comes back what would you vndertake  
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th Church-

*King.* No place indeede should murder sanctuarize,  
Reuengde should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home,  
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The french man gaue you: bring you in in fine together  
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword vnbaded, and in a pace of practise,  
Requite him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doo't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.  
I bought an vnction of a Mountibancke  
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare  
Collected from all simples that haue vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death  
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

*King.* Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,  
Should haue a backe or second that might hold  
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,  
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,  
I hau't, when in your motion you are hote and dry,  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him  
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd sticke,  
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

*Enter Queene.*

*Quee.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drownd'd, O where?

*Quee.* There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,  
That shoves his hoary leaues in the glassy streame,  
There with fantastique garlands did she make  
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples  
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,  
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.  
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

M

Clambrin